

HERE AND THERE.

THOMAS JEFFERSON'S birthplace, "Shadwell," in Virginia, is about to be sold at public sale.

A WYTHEVILLE, Va., dentist is said to extract teeth painlessly simply by pressing on the patient's temples during the operation.

THE Polytechnical Society of Berlin pronounces the scheme for connecting Berlin with the sea feasible. Berlin is about 105 feet above the level of the Baltic.

LAST year Mr. Mills, a New York broker, made a European trip in his own yacht. This year he is wondering where he can get his breakfast. He speculated too much.

A MUSCATINE, Iowa, man, who has had no tidings of his father for 37 years, found him last week occupying a responsible Government clerkship at Washington.

AN Icelandic newspaper is published at Gimli, 100 miles north of Winnipeg, in Keewatin, British America. It is called the *Frampari*, which means *Progress*.

SOME of the Washington restaurants use as a sign of "Before He Went In," the picture of Alexander Stephens, but for the sign "As He Came Out," they take Senator Davis.

A SOLICITOR at Manchester, England, has been sentenced to five years' penal servitude. He defended a client who had stolen a portmanteau from Mr. Parnell, M. P., and was convicted of taking payment from his client derived from the stolen goods, knowing the money to have been thus obtained.

IN the office of the Ansonia Clock Company, Connecticut, is a clock with a phonograph attachment. Instead of striking the hours, it calls them out. An alarm is also connected with the clock, which wakes a sleeper at the desired hour, with a loud cry of "Hurry up! It is time to get up, you lazy fellow!"

IN Nelson County, Va., a hawk was recently seen to seize a large moccasin snake, and soar to a considerable height with the serpent writhing in its claws, when suddenly the bird clasped its wings and fell heavily to the ground. The moccasin had bitten it in the neck, but the talons of the hawk were so buried in the vitals of the serpent that it also died.

THE negroes are to hold a convention in Charlotte, N. C., on the 16th of September next, the object of which is to petition the law-making powers of the country to restore the whipping-post for stealing and other grievous offenses. Stephen McCorkle, a colored man, is at the head of the movement, and he says there will be delegates from several of the Southern States.

YOUNG ladies are cultivating a new industry. They buy fine, plain thread hose for \$1 a pair, have them stamped and embroidered with blue, pink, or cardinal silk, until they look as if they had cost \$10 a pair. This is what is called adding to the value of raw material. Then they pay \$12 for a pair of strapped shoes to display the embroidery.

IN an article on the straw-hat trade, an English paper says that "art has gained immense value from the presence of a straw hat, adding so much additional beauty and grace to Dolly Varden, when painted by a Maclise, that 1,000 guineas are not considered too much to give. The almost fabulous sum realized for the celebrated picture of Gainsborough derived an inexpressible charm from the graceful form of hat worn by the Duchess of Devonshire."

TEA is beginning to take a place almost side by side with coffee in Ceylon, and samples of Ceylon grown leaf have been received and favorably reported on in London. The cultivation of the plant is encouraged by the offer of prizes at the colonial agricultural exhibitions, and experienced planters have given a very favorable opinion of the capabilities of the soil and climate of parts of Ceylon for the production of a high class tea.

AT a recent meeting of the St. Louis Academy of Sciences, Mr. J. A. Dacus presented drawings of the ruins of a vast palace at Xayi, Chiapas, Mexico. Some discoveries have just been made in the subterranean portions of this ruin. It is supposed that a library has been found, perhaps of sacred writings which are contained upon a very large number of tablets, each six or eight inches in surface and a half an inch thick. The material is spoken of as terra cotta. The inscriptions appear to be in a language possessed of an alphabet, but they have not yet been translated.

The Quarrel Over Turkey.

There is a grotesque side to the European struggle. And there is, beneath the solemnity of all the pending negotiations, a certain comic element. Nobody who wishes well for his kind desires that there shall be war. Even the Western editor who exclaimed, "Why don't England fight? Has she no backbone? We want to sell our wheat!" really wishes that peace might prevail. War is destructive of the life and property of the human race, and to make good the waste of a conflict, however distant it may be from any of us, requires a taxation, in one form or another, which we must ultimately feel the weight of. Is it impossible that destruction and loss shall fall on one member of the human family without remotely affecting all the others. Therefore, we deplore war, wherever and for whatever it is waged. Nevertheless, it is impossible to regard even the grave complications which now threaten Europe without some perception of the ludicrous side of the case.

At the beginning of the trouble, Russia avowed herself the protector and avenger of the Christian subjects of Turkey. It could not for an instant be supposed that the Muscovite was moved by any but purely sentimental considerations. Russia went to war for an idea. The English view of the case was that the Bulgarian outrages had been very much exaggerated and that the Turk was a slandered person who would be much better if he were left alone. The evangelical, anti-slavery, peace-at-any-price English people were horrified at the idea of a Poland-crushing Government pretending to have any human sympathies whatever. Those who discussed the question, whatever might have been their nominal sentiments, knew that Russia's sympathy for the oppressed Christian in Turkey was a pretext under which was concealed a long-cherished plan for driving the Turk out of Europe. The English protest against an assault on feeble Turkey was a protest against a Russian conquest of Turkey. It was not made because England loved Turkey, but because she feared Russia. In all the diplomatic verbiage which clouded the question for weeks, there was only one tangible point—the dread that Russian arms would ultimately exclude British influence from Turkey.

Now that the war is over, and *pourparlers* have displaced shot and shell, the old game of diplomacy is renewed. The treaty of San Stefano was extorted from Turkey by promises and threats. The Sublime Porte was in the attitude of a man whose foe is on his prostrate form, and who is not in a condition to make terms, but to take them. But it should not be forgotten that Turkey was, at the beginning, haughty and defiant, while Russia threatened. What ever may be true of the alleged interview between Saffet Pasha and the English newspaper correspondent, it is undoubtedly true that the Turks felt that they had been egged on to the fight, but had not been sustained by the English influence which had urged them forward. Mr. Layard challenged Saffet to say in public what he was alleged to have said in private—that the English had betrayed Turkey, and that henceforth the natural alliance of the Turk was with his ancient enemy, the Russian, not with his vacillating sympathizer, the Englishman. Every body felt that this was true, whether the Pasha said it or not. It is ludicrous, however, to note the present attitude of Turkey. She is like a courtesan who gives her favors to the strongest bully of the two. Her ancient "protector" stood by and saw another win her regard by beating her. England's rage over the result is the rage of an old beau who sees his paramour going off with another man.

But the fierce courtesies of the Russians are received with timidity and alarm in Constantinople. England desires to defend Turkey; Turkey does not want to be defended. With a pistol at her ear, she exclaims that she is perfectly satisfied. Indeed (under what domestic pressure we can not tell), Turkey has put forth a card, so to speak, informing the world that she accepts the results of the war—but hopes to be let off easy. Russia, disguising her designs under various philanthropic hypocrisies, has conquered Turkey. Great Britain, concealing her selfish chagrin under an appearance of indignation at the ill-treatment of Turkey, offers to avenge the Mussulman and set all things right in the interest of justice and humanity. Between the boisterous friendship of the Russian and the tardy and dangerous championship of the Briton, Turkey is at her wit's end. All she asks is to be let alone. But neither one nor the other will let her alone. Aside from all diplomatic finesse and high-sounding phrase, Russia and England are on the point of quarreling

over the partition of Turkey. And the ruined, battered, wounded, and bedraggled mistress of the Bosphorus, alarmed for the safety of the house over her head, proposes to move across into Asia and let these bravo lovers fight it out by themselves, while she regards the contest from afar with impartial eye.—*New York Times*.

A Red-Ribbon Story.

An amusing mistake occurred the other night at a Mount Pleasant, Iowa, temperance meeting. An old soldier had signed the pledge, and was telling his experience. He said at one time during the late war he got possession of two kegs of whisky, took them to camp, put a faucet in one of the kegs, and passed the whisky around among the boys until they got pretty full. About the time the first keg was empty, he said, for a moment his conscience told him he was doing wrong, but it was only a moment. He picked up an ax and knocked the head of the other keg in and—here he was interrupted by the deacons starting the cry of "Amen," "Thank God," "Glory be to God." After the house became quiet he continued: "I knocked in the head of that keg, gave the boys a tin-cup and told them to help themselves." The conclusion of the story was so much different from what was expected, that it brought down the house with laughter.

Breech-loading Cannon.

Military museums afford abundant proof of the antiquity of breech-loading cannon. The precise construction of the guns used at the battle of Crecy can only be conjectured, but breech-loaders, certainly as old as the Tudor period, and one probably of the time of Henry VI., are still to be seen at the Museum of the United Service Institution. There lie the old guns, breech-pieces, and all, which sunk in the Mary Rose, and which, by their rough workmanship, account for the accidents which oftentimes befell ancient bombardiers. It was those accidents which probably led to the abandonment of the breech-loading system, and the employment of muzzle-loaders for the last two centuries. The old cast-iron gun may be seen at Woolwich and other places in its original form, and also in the various stages of conversion into the weapon for the moment in favor.—*All the Year Round*.

It has been reserved for a Frenchman, M. Paul Soleillet, to broach the project of building a railroad across the so-called Desert of Sahara to Timbuctoo, and beyond. M. Paul has satisfied himself that it is perfectly feasible, and that it would be a paying investment. In a paper read before the Society of Civil Engineers at Paris he estimated the cost at about eight hundred millions of francs. The common notion of the Sahara, he said, was wholly erroneous; the climate was healthful and the soil good; in the days of the Carthaginians it was peopled and cultivated. In short, his proposed road, besides opening new markets for French wares and carrying civilization on wheels into the very heart of Africa, would result immediately in the reclamation of a fertile region as large as the whole of Europe, with Russia left out. This alone would pay the interest on the eight hundred millions.

THE facade of the United States section of the Paris exhibition promises to be exceedingly effective. The canvas screens, which it has been found necessary to stretch across the roof, are now in position, and will bear favorable comparison with any thing of the kind in the exhibition. Each screen bears the name and device of one of the States of the Union, and in the centre is a grand design representing the arms of the United States. The colors are very bright and the ornamental designs very chaste and effective. The designs on the screens are so arranged as to form lines running the whole length of the building, so as to draw out the perspective line and make the United States section appear as long as possible.

ENGLISH MUFFINS.—Time, 20 to 30 minutes. Ingredients, 1½ ounces of German yeast, a quart of warm milk, a teaspoonful of salt, and some flour. Add the milk and salt to the yeast; then mix it into rather a soft dough with a sufficient quantity of flour for that purpose; cover it over with a thick cloth and set it to rise near the fire; when risen divide it into as many pieces as you please, and form them into a round with your hands; spread a thick layer of flour on a wooden tray; put the muffins on it and let them rise again; then bake them on a hot stove or plate until they are lightly colored, turning them once; when done pull them open, butter them, lay them on a hot plate, and cut them across.

A YOUNG lady in Marshalltown, Iowa, teaches dancing-school, and her most promising pupils are youngmen.

"Keramics" and Woman's Work.

The desire to decorate pottery for purposes of household adornment seems to be a kind of chronic inclination which suddenly affects large numbers of people at the same time, and as suddenly disaffects them. The influx of paste, paint, and varnish pots, of jars and vases of glass and crockery, of sheets of gayly colored pictures, into that part of the domicile sacred to the feminine members of the family usually indicates the beginning of the attack; the prevalence of said jars and vases (which too often are liquid blacking bottles or ginger pots artfully disguised) in the parlors marks its advanced stage; and the contemptuous removal of the same to the attic, under the stigma of "looking cheap," denotes its termination. Thus far the mania has appeared in three forms. About fifteen years ago it bore the name of *potchomanie*, and it took the form of pasting scrap pictures inside of clear glass jars, backing them with thick white paint, and then persuading yourself that an accurate counterfeit of Oriental porcelain had been produced. This gave place to *decalcomanie*, a useful species of decoration which enables colored pictures printed on gelatine films to be applied to any smooth surface. It is much in vogue yet for decorating cheap furniture, carriages, and safes; but during its fashionable prevalence no object of household use was safe from its incursions, and the marble center-table or the kitchen pails were beautified with indiscriminating impartiality. The term *keramics* has lately been twisted out of its proper signification to be popularly applied to the sticking of paper pictures on pottery of any kind, and adding a coat of varnish, an alleged imitation of painted china being the result.

Upon the broad general principle that any thing which tends to increase the popular taste for beauty is to be encouraged, the above named manias may be beneficial apart from their obvious utility as a means of amusement; but, on the other hand when it is remembered that the same inclinations, directed in the proper channel, may with little or no more labor produce objects of artistic merit and of far more value as educating and refining the tastes, it would almost seem that time and talents are being wasted. Nothing that is false is artistic. Decorated ginger-pots are in truth but ginger-pots; blacking-bottles can not be foisted upon the world as Etruscan vases or Haviland faience. A certain amount of falsity is conventionally accepted, such as imitation wood and sheet-iron architectural ornament; but when an object is diverted from its recognized use, especially if that use be humble, the deception is only tolerable for a time, and eventually is repudiated; and the pity of it is that so large an amount of the female energy in the world seeking an outlet finds it in such a way. The legitimate result is the degradation of woman's work as a unit in social economy, for while no one would wish to do away with the numberless delicate devices which the feminine mind delights in conceiving, or would remove one source of pleasure to the gentler sex, all must agree that if that work were, as a rule, directed to the production of objects, no matter how intrinsically trivial, which satisfied the precepts of correct artistic taste, and were capable of affording permanent gratification, there would be less heard about the lack of openings for woman's labor.—*Scientific American* in.

Hard-pan.

One of the brightest signs of the times, and which proves that the tendencies of things to-day are, in the main, healthy, is that the people are growing to love facts. The reign of gilt and sham is over. For years they have ruled the nation. Sham architecture, sham piety, sham patriotism, sham socialism were everywhere. The whole financial structure of the country, for a decade, has been based on a sham. False valuations have been put on property. Houses have been valued at fifty thousand dollars when their real value was twenty thousand. Building lots have been priced at two dollars a foot when fifty cents a foot was all that they were actually worth. Fortunes have been made on paper; reputations have been bolstered up by pretension. Public men have taken the applause of their *claqueurs* as if it furnished a solid foundation for fame. Speculative valuations, fictitious estimates and self-puffery have given tone to American society. The dog has had his day; but his day, thank heaven, is at last over. The old New England realism of judgment and opinion is once more taking possession of its throne and the people are returning to their old-fashioned loyalty. The wealth of reputedly rich men is being investigated. The gay bubbles are being prick-

ed. Corporations are discovering that their securities and management are being questioned. Politicians find that their constituents demand something beside buncombe. Churches are learning that magnificent architecture and a big debt do not represent spiritual force.

We believe it is due to the popular disgust at the old order of things, that in this still dull year for business the people have wiped out an aggregate of a million and a half of dollars in church debts. It is, despite some objectionable features in the method, the first and best sign of a revival of courage. If we are to take a new start, on the basis of reality, it is eminently right and becoming that our Christian churches should set the example. We have had ballooning enough. Let the movement forward be made with feet planted on the solid earth.—*Golden Rule*.

Married in a Stable.

Two young people arrived on an afternoon train in the city yesterday. They walked hurriedly up Ludlow Street, and, stopping at Fourth, they turned to Mumma's livery stable, and inquired of the proprietor if they could have a horse and buggy for a few hours. He assured them that a vehicle was at their disposal.

The young man seemed somewhat flurried and in doubt. After looking at the lady for a moment, he turned to Mumma again, and inquired, rather falteringly:

"You haven't got any place here where we can get married, have you?" Somewhat taken aback, Mr. Mumma looked at them a moment, then scratched his head, and replied:

"Well, I've got a sort of parlor right here that I can fix up for you in three minutes. It's carpeted, got a sofa in it and lots of pictures; better looking place than many you'll find."

"That will do splendidly," said the young man. "Can you get us a minister?"

"In five minutes," said Mr. Mumma. "Well, I'll go and get a license, and, my dear," said he to the lady, "you remain here till I return."

In ten minutes the young man was back with his license. Mr. Mumma was at hand with Rev. W. J. Shuey, and in five minutes John Henry Gibbard and Frank Bancroft were man and wife.

The young man drew a sigh of relief, looked at the lady, and paying no attention to those about him, put his arms around her and imprinted a fond kiss on her lips that was returned as fondly, and whispered in her ear, "Safe, darling."

"Would you like to have a marriage certificate?" asked the minister.

"Oh, no; we don't care for that, so long as we're married. Do we, Frankie?"

The lady nodded acquiescently.

"Now we want to ride about for an hour, but be back in time for the Cincinnati train."

"Here's your buggy," said Mr. Mumma.

They returned in an hour, and left on the train at the Union Depot bound for Cincinnati. The last words they were heard to utter, as he hugged her affectionately to his side, were:

"We're safe now, Frankie," and she looked up into his eyes confidently and replied:

"We is."—*Dayton (O.) Journal*.

The Mississippi Route.

The Davenport (Iowa) *Gazette* of the 6th inst. says: "Yesterday the grain firm of Boatwright, Fernald & Co., in this city, sold 5,000 bushels of wheat to J. W. Adams & Co., of St. Louis, for direct shipment from this port to Liverpool. This quantity does not go alone, for another 5,000 bushels was picked up from among several grain dealers. The 10,000 bushels is to be loaded on a barge, towed to St. Louis, where it will be put with a tow of five barges, and so be taken to New Orleans, and transferred to an ocean vessel bound for Liverpool. What is the freight rate from Davenport to Liverpool? Why, just 40 cents per 100 pounds; the same rate of grain by railroad from Davenport to New York City! Though now and then wheat will be taken from this city to New York by rail for 35 cents per 100 pounds. But think of wheat conveyed from this city to Liverpool for only 5 cents more than the rail rate to New York Harbor! Who can estimate the value of the Mississippi route to the sea and Europe, to Iowa and the Northwest, with that facility of transportation and that tariff to Liverpool? Why, we'll have New York prices right here at home, for wheat and corn, with such a state of things, before long—providing the railroads leading to the Mississippi give a reasonable rate to the great river. Davenport prospers as a grain market."